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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

AUGUST was the month of Echo 1, the X-15, Patrice Lumumba, Mobutu Tshombe and other Congo mumbo jumbo, the Big Congo grab, the Russian space dogs, the Pittsburgh Pirates, Pinocchio, Margaret's Butler, the court short collared "Miss Be", Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini, and Francis Gary Powers. According to an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal*, Powers's role should be "a source of pride," and the *New York Journal American* declared that Powers made "a good showing."

Well, from our sources, contrary to the contrary, we can scarcely remember anything which left us with less pride—or, for that matter, which made, all over the world, a worse showing. From the beginning it was apparent that the man who testified that he had originally joined the Air Force to avoid being drafted into the Infantry who joined the CIA at \$30,000 per annum because he could not get a job with a commercial airline and who did not like what he was doing and would, if he'd "had the time," have looked for another job, was no threat to Nathan Hale. Indeed, all things considered, it seems certain that Mr. Powers was not brainwashed; he didn't have to be.

We also think, all things considered, that at least three questions might be asked of the CIA: (1) How Mr. Powers got his job to begin with; (2) how he was chosen for that particular assignment; and (3) in the eventuality of a continuation of this sort of assignment, what kind of man will be picked from here on in? In the words of Henry N. Taylor, who sat at the Moscow trial, Powers was not only "scared" to begin with but was also a man with "a low curiosity level." And we are convinced that a good many Americans now not only have a high curiosity level as to why he was chosen, but also are eminently entitled to some, particularly the hundreds, if not thousands, of heroic, unsung men and women of the CIA who, in more than a decade of Cold War work, have risked their lives—and in many cases given them—in incredible feats of secret espionage.